

Easy Ride

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Easy Ride

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

“Or what,” Dream challenged, “are you scared, Georgie?”

Instantly, George’s face hardened again. He didn’t recover the ground he’d made in retreat, wheels stilled where he stood without the fear on his face.

“Don’t call me that.”

Dream didn’t think he’d have anything nice to say to boys on roller skates. George didn’t know he had it in him to hit that hard. Neither of them knew how fucking hot the other looked with blood on their face.

Notes

hi it's the nose break fic blood warning blood yes

this fic was really fun :D yay enjoy (also suspend your disbelief pretty please)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream didn't get along with anyone on roller skates.

Maybe it was petty, having predetermined ideas of people based solely on the fact they wore wheeled shoes on their feet. But he'd learned through too much experience and nasty arguments that the people who hung out at skate parks on roller skates were his least favorite kind—and besides, the skate park was made for people on *skateboards*, not *roller skates*.

It wasn't like this strange little turf war was anything new. For as long as Dream had been going to skate parks, there had always been petty fights and light shoving. There had always been attempts at pushing others out because they lacked the "right type of equipment," because skaters thought they owned the place and roller skaters (unsurprisingly) disagreed.

At the very least, Dream always had his friends on his side. And he'd gotten in more than one fight over all these little things that didn't really matter, though none of them had quite hit notable yet—just a whole lot of insults and a lot more swearing, maybe a shove to someone's shoulder once or twice until they were stumbling onto the pavement.

Nothing more. Not yet, at least.

But there was one particular roller skater who *really* got on Dream's nerves, this one just a little bit more than all the others. The too-pretty, too-loud brunet who always seemed to have something to say, the one in the short shorts and knee socks, the one who fought back with the most bite. (Dream had never laid a finger on him, but that boy certainly knew how to argue).

His name was George. And Dream would be the first to call that boy his *least favorite person*, the first to use him as an example for why roller skaters shouldn't be interfering with the spaces that were strictly *theirs*. Because George was annoying, and he took up way too much space for someone so small, and worst of all he was a fucking *brat*. Dream was having none of it.

No amount of convincing from Sapnap could urge him to change his mind. Even if Sapnap was on Dream's side regarding the roller skaters, he found the hatred for George to be a little more than unnecessary. And they'd had the same conversation a hundred times before; one where Sapnap would attempt to sway Dream to a more neutral position, one where Dream wouldn't give in.

Like right now. When Dream was kicking at his skateboard to make it flip up, catching the end of it in his hand before dropping it down to the pavement again. It made a lot more noise than it needed to, but in a terribly loud skate park, it went mostly unnoticed.

"Come on, man, he's not *that* bad."

And for a moment—in spite of himself and his petty predictability—Dream had no idea who he was talking about. Somehow, he hadn't quite realized the dagger-laced glare he'd been giving a certain brunet across the way, not until he refocused himself enough to keep his skateboard held in one hand.

"You don't know what you're talking about."

It came out in a scoff, one wired thick with indignance and the tapping of his foot. Sapnap shook his head, kicking up the skateboard at his feet to catch it the same way Dream had.

Now that Dream was focused on his scowl aimed at George, he managed to find everything about his existence that was annoying. Like the heart-shaped sunglasses on his head despite the spread of orange in the sky, or the cocky smirk on his pretty pink lips whenever he skated around an obstacle.

His skirt flew when he skated. Dream wondered why the idiot even wore skirts to the skate park in the first place.

Sapnap gave his friend an accusatory look. Fleetingly, Dream returned it with hardened eyes.

“Have you ever even talked to the guy?” Sapnap queried, the raise of his eyebrow edged with challenge.

“Yes,” Dream answered without hesitation, “I’ve fucking talked to him, you’ve seen it happen yourself.”

His tone was dragged in an obvious jab, in a *don’t you know this?* mixed with an accusation to put the expression on Sapnap’s face to shame. But that wasn’t the end of it, of course it wasn’t the end of it; not when it was Sapnap, and not when Dream was a total idiot.

“Not like that,” Sapnap said with an eye roll. “Like, *talked*. For real. Without all the swearing and insults and shit.”

Dream’s eyes hardened at the irony in that statement. He scoffed quietly, caught almost entirely beneath his breath when he cast his gaze forward again.

“No.”

George skated along a halfpipe with too much confidence. Dream frowned, and Sapnap laughed in disbelief.

“So how can you have such a strong opinion on him?”

An indignant groan tore past Dream’s pierced lips, head tipping back slightly where he aimed it at the sky. When it came back down again, George was still carrying himself too well on wheel-clad feet, and Dream kicked his skateboard with a ringing sound.

“I have told you one hundred fucking times, Sapnap, he’s a bitch.”

He said it like it was obvious. The hard-eyed glare that he could see in his peripheral vision said that the obvious had been wrong, though Dream never turned his head to look at him properly.

Maybe, if he watched hard enough, George would fall on his ass.

“You don’t know that,” Sapnap answered, and Dream swore he’d heard those words in his best friend’s mouth a hundred times.

He had. Because they’d had this conversation a hundred times, and they always wound up here before the end of it.

“I do know that,” Dream argued. “If his surface level is whatever the fuck he’s on,” he grimaced, gesturing in circular hand motions at George still on the halfpipe, “I don’t want to waste my time learning about what he keeps hidden.”

Sapnap shook his head, knocking his face against his palm with a blown-out sigh. He dropped his skateboard on the ground with a clattering noise, wheels on concrete shaking like metal.

“You’re bullshit.”

Finally, Dream turned to look at his friend. The scowl he wore was halfway to playful when it was directed at Sapnap instead of George, but the leftover red of his frustration with roller skating pretty boys still lingered in his eyes.

“Shut the fuck up.”

Sapnap punched Dream’s shoulder roughly before skating off, leaving Dream alone in the corner with a board still in his hands. He watched George where he slowed to a stop, he watched George where he laughed with his friend and held his skirt down so it didn’t fly up in the wind, he watched George where he popped his pretty glossed lips with enough intent to kill.

And Dream watched when George met his eyes, the mirthful grin dying on his glossed lips the second their gazes locked. He returned the deep-set frown, crossing his arms over his chest defensively when Dream narrowed his eyes. Dream figured that indignance looked better on *his* face, not George’s; that scowls were made better by the ebon metal rings in his bottom lip.

It took him another moment to realize George was skating up to him. With fallen arms from their bracket on his chest, with gliding strides and the flounce of his pretty skirt. Dream didn’t move, only shifted the grip he had on his skateboard to the opposite hand and lowered his brows impossibly.

The wheels on George’s skates scraped against the ground in his halt. Even with the extra height of wheels, Dream was still a head taller than him.

Before Dream could even taste a word on his tongue, George had spit his own accusations with the return of his defensive-crossed arms.

“What the fuck is your problem?”

His voice twirled even in fury. Dream scoffed, looking George up and down with a trail of venom in his gaze. The hem of his skirt shifted in the evening breeze, and George made no moves to hold it down.

“You’re my fucking problem.”

George rolled his eyes with a spinning sense of drama, sunglasses on his head glinting beneath the sun. When he stood this close to Dream, he could tell that the lenses were heart-shaped.

“You’re still not over that?”

Dream narrowed his eyes. “Over what?”

George looked him up and down in return, and Dream pretended not to notice the way his eyes lingered on the lip piercings. He only waited for George’s answer, waited for more harsh words to spill out his slickly glossed lips.

His voice was grating.

“The fact that I come here when you do,” George insisted, a coy smirk flicking over those glossy lips. “Or maybe it’s just that I skate better.”

Dream rolled his eyes. “You don’t even skate.”

He kicked his board lightly as if in emphasis, the clatter of wheels ringing out in the space between them. For a moment, he couldn't hear the scrape of other skaters, and the only thing he was focused on was the boy standing in front of him.

"What the fuck are these called?" George spoke with dripping venom, gesturing down at his feet with swirling hands.

Dream gave him a glance, dipping his chin down slightly to see his skates where they stood against the pavement. Sure, they were roller *skates*, but Dream was still an insistent dick at heart.

"Shoes for little bitches."

George was rolling his eyes when Dream found them again. "Clever."

Despite the obvious drip of sarcasm rolling off the word, Dream responded with a playfully genuine, "Thank you."

"It wasn't a—" George leaned his forehead against his fingers with a sigh, "whatever. Just stop making issues out of nothing."

Dream huffs indignantly, kicking at his skateboard again. He knows his board hits against George's foot with how close they're standing, can see the way he shifts back on his skates and tries to regain his balance.

"Stop coming here, then," Dream said it like it's obvious. "All the other bratty roller skaters come tomorrow, and yet you're here today."

George's brows lower impossibly, thin arms returning to their cover over his hoodie-clad chest. He shakes his head at the mirthful argument still glowing in Dream's eyes, sunset colors beaming off the pink of his sunglasses.

"This is a public park."

He matched Dream's obvious tone, because his statement is obvious, too. And Dream knows it's a tough statement to fight, because it's true—he figures eyebrow-raising confidence is the only logical answer when he spits out a teasing, "So?"

"So?" George scoffs, looking away from Dream for no more than a moment. "Find a better argument than that, Dream."

For a moment, Dream *does* try to find a better argument. Wracked his brain for a defense in his favor, tried to move quickly when those dark eyes are watching him so closely. But he comes up empty-handed, suddenly distracted by the surrounding people who seem to be paying attention to them now.

Dream can feel all the eyes on him. Somewhere in a mess of watchful gazes, he feels the accusatory look of his best friend Sapnap; but the instigators always drown him out.

Instigators like Punz. Instigating in the way he shouts from the sidelines, "You guys should fight!"

For a moment, Dream looks over to him. Over at the blond with one foot on his skateboard, at the way he's surrounded by other people who seem to agree with his shouts of encouragement.

When Dream looked back at George, his cheeks matched his sunglasses.

“Yeah, let’s fight,” he echoed, a faint yell sounding out from Punz’s direction.

But George slid back a step. Still on his skates, still on wheels, he rolled back away from Dream with a twisted sense of concern on his once angry face. Glossed lips parted, the hands caught around his arms turning more anxious than defensive.

Dream laughed. The eyes that had fallen to the concrete jerked up to meet his, pink tongue flicking out over rings of metal with intent.

“Or what,” Dream challenged, “are you scared, Georgie?”

Instantly, George’s face hardened again. He didn’t recover the ground he’d made in retreat, wheels stilled where he stood without the fear on his face.

“Don’t call me that.”

It came out like sick venom, dripping off his stupid, shimmering lips with sick intent. Dream swore he could see it, palpable in the air and on his mouth and *everywhere*, shaded red in stark comparison to the alabaster of his skin.

“So let’s fight,” Dream challenged again, the cocky smirk on his pierced lips nearly too much to handle.

George huffed, flighty eyes finding hold on Dream’s face. Even still, Dream wasn’t sure if their eyes were quite locked.

“Fine,” George spat. “I’ll fucking wreck you.”

Dream laughed again, swirled with jet tones in hardened mockery. And he rolled his eyes over George’s body again, over the short skirt and tall socks and wheeled shoes, over the exposed part of his midriff hiding beneath his arms.

He gestured vaguely at his skates, arrogance never abandoning his existence.

“Dressed like that?” He scoffed. “I don’t think so.”

George’s face twisted for a moment, but he settled for leaning in close to Dream. Perhaps a little too close—rolling forward on his skates until their noses were nearly touching and letting the shouts of the surrounding bystanders fill their ears to the brim.

“Aw,” George mocked with feigned concern, “is Dreamie scared he’ll get his shit rocked by a boy in a skirt?” He leaned back, wheels scraping against the pavement. “Grow up.”

Dream rolled his eyes. “I was talking more about the pathetic wheels on your feet,” and he pointed at them again, “but that too.”

George glanced down for a moment, skate-clad feet staring up at him in laces. The look he gave Dream on the lift was still twisted, red and furious with all things spoken and not.

“God, you’re the worst.”

Dream’s responding laugh was a twirl of mocked amusement, skateboard clattering against the ground when he let it slip from his fingers. George jumped back at the noise, putting more space between them as Dream brought one of his feet up onto his board.

“Get in the bowl.”

With that, Dream took his own instruction. He kicked off the ground and skated down into the bowl in question, chasing out whoever was left when he halted at the center. And he kicked his board up to catch it with a hand again, spinning around to face George where he was still standing motionless above the ground.

Dream spread his arms open in a falsely welcoming gesture, the grin on his ring-clad lips just as sick as it had always been. George finally kicked off, skates gliding across the concrete until he dipped into the bowl.

“Don’t fall on the way down, baby!” Dream called in his direction, laughing quietly as George slid to a stop in front of him.

“Do *not* call me baby.”

“Okay,” Dream grinned, “doll.”

“Fuck off.”

Dream laughed, swallowing the venom where he tasted it on his tongue. It was orange-hot and burning where it slid down his throat, not far off from the watchful gaze of his challenger or the onlookers surrounding them.

He dropped his skateboard on the ground, the sound practically deafening where the bowl had gone quiet. People standing at the edge waited with quiet yells, though Dream couldn’t be quite sure exactly how loud they were being in truth—his head felt a little hazy and full of cotton, strangely distracted by the boy on roller skates in front of him.

The orange-pink was fading from the sky hung behind them. It left George’s sunglasses without the now-familiar glint, but they were still shaded a color that stood out on his pale, pale cheeks.

Dream put on his sickest grin, one emphasized by naturally sharp teeth and ebon-colored lip rings.

“You’re so *easy*, George,” he taunted, stepping closer to the brunet in question. “Coming down into the bowl in your pretty little skirt,” he barked out a laugh, “you’re fucking *dead*.”

George laughed in return, though he was quieter and strung with far less poison. Dream still found that it scratched his ears bare with the sound, stinging in a way that was more than just unknown.

“You sure do talk a lot of shit, Dream,” he answered with a matching grin, one shining with pretty lip gloss and held by the whiteness of his teeth.

Dream cocked his head to the side. It dragged with the same amount of taunting edge as the grin on his face did, coaxing gestures made with his black-nailed hands as if that would bring George closer. Unsurprisingly, it didn’t—George stayed still across from Dream, stable despite the wheels on his feet.

“You haven’t hit me yet,” Dream jabbed, raising an eyebrow gamely. “What, too scared to throw a punch, doll?”

“*Don’t fucking call me that*,” George repeated, pointing an accusatory finger in Dream’s direction. “And no.”

“Then hit me,” Dream beckoned, twitching his hands as if to coax George into closing the space between them. “C’mon, pretty boy, as hard as you can.”

Something in George's eyes seemed to spark, lighting like a match lights flame. Dream watched in something close to stunned silence, watched as George skated up closer to him and reeled his fist back with the same dangerous look in his eyes.

For a moment, the world spun in slow motion. For a moment, Dream felt like he might have enough time to duck out of the way—but he never even tried. Instead, he let George's fist collide with his face, let him hit square in the center of his face until he swore he heard that deafening *crack* where it rang through the inside of his head.

In what felt like silence to him and only him, Dream stumbled backward. Subconsciously, he brought a hand up to his nose where it stung, feeling the blood roll down his skin in a sick red *drip* where he could see it hit the concrete beneath his feet.

When he lifted his eyes up off the ground, George had gone still again. Shaking out his hand like he'd made his knuckles ache, glossed lips parted slightly over nothing but shuttered breath.

“You broke my fucking nose!” Dream shouted through the ringing in his ears, bringing his hand back down to his side when he stood up straight.

Blood slicked down from his nose and to his lips. He tasted metal and he knew it had nothing to do with jewelry, pink lips coloring red where his face stung in dull ache.

“Does this mean George won?” Punz shouted from the edge of the bowl, coaxing Dream’s eyes up to where he stood beside Sapnap.

“No!” Dream answered immediately, gesturing vaguely in the direction of George and his still body. “He’s standing there doing nothing like a fucking idiot, *of course* he didn’t win!”

Dream licked his lips subconsciously, tasting the sick iron of crimson drip, coating his tongue and tapping against the ivory of his teeth. His nose stung, but half the pain was dulled by the burning adrenaline that seared through his veins.

“But *you’re* the bloody one,” a boy with too much hair and purple roller skates shouted down from the edge, and Dream felt his face twist before he could think about it.

“That doesn’t mean anything!” he shouted back, spitting blood onto the concrete below his feet.

Dream wiped at his nose again, watching more blood drip down onto the pavement. When he looked back up at George still standing across from him, he found his hands extended in a shaky apology where his face glowed with strange regret. Dream couldn’t place it exactly, the only thing he knew was that it didn’t make sense.

Where had the filthy-mouthed brat gone?

“I—” George stuttered over something unintelligible, and Dream stepped forward just to watch him roll back.

“Oh, you’re a little *bitch*, George,” he sneered, “you know that?”

A face shaded bright red nearly winced, chin tilting upward to find Dream’s eyes where he towered over the brunet. George lowered his hands to his sides, fingers finding a too-tight grip in the fabric of his skirt when he swayed unstable on wheel-clad feet.

“I’m not,” he defended weakly, though the lower of his eyebrows tried to challenge the wavering tone.

Dream let his forgotten sick grin cross his blood-slicked lips, feeling where the red had edged itself beneath the rings of his piercings. He opened his arms in a wide, unwelcoming stance, cocking his head to the side when he fell still. George never stopped sliding back, but Dream wasn't sure how much of it was even intentional.

"Then hit me again if you're so strong, babe," Dream taunted with the twitch of his ringed fingers, "c'mon."

George seemed to hesitate, leaning forward with enough ferocity to spin his wheels. And for a moment, Dream thought he might listen, and he half-expected the next punch to be to his throat. But when he stepped forward to close even more of the space between them, George was turning on his skates and rushing up and out of the bowl.

Dream watched him skate off, running away to an unknown hiding place. Dream laughed, loud and unforgiving, and he wondered briefly if George could even hear the sound.

"Aw, where are you going?" he called into the now-empty space. "Don't wanna fuck my pretty face up too bad, huh, baby?" He laughed again, the show growing unnecessary. "Or are you just as scared as I thought?"

Clearly, he wasn't going to get an answer. Not when George wasn't even in front of him anymore, not when he wasn't even sure where he'd run off to.

He pressed the back of his hand against his bloody nose again, letting the crimson stick to his tanned skin. Somewhere next to him, he heard Punz's voice shout off into the same distance he had.

"Where the hell did he go?"

Dream scoffed as if in answer, spitting more blood onto the ground. "Fucking coward."

And he turned on his heel, settling himself onto his skateboard and kicking off in the same direction George had run. He wasn't quite sure *why* he was following him, wasn't sure if it had more to do with his unstable facial expression or a want to spit more insults in his face.

Whatever it was, it had him skating to the edge of the pavement until his wheels got stuck in the grass, forcing him to carry his board the rest of the way. And it wasn't that hard to follow George to his newfound location, not when he'd left skate tracks in the grass that led Dream right to where he'd gone.

Back behind one of the only buildings in the park. Dream couldn't be bothered to remember if it was the bathroom or what, but he *did* see George leaning against the stone wall with unsteady breaths falling past his still-shining lips, the highlight on his cheekbones painted silver beneath the moonlight.

He seemed to notice Dream's presence. His head jerked up the moment Dream paused his movement, smirking through bloodied lips when he discarded his board carelessly to the grass. George stumbled away from the wall, still clumsy on his skate-clad feet, the sunglasses still perched atop his head nearly falling onto his face.

"What are you doing over here, baby?" Dream taunted, making a slow approach to close their distance. "Are you scared?"

George still didn't answer, but his lips stuttered over an answer unknown. When Dream stood closer to him, he was once again reminded of a height discrepancy between them and the way

George had to tip his chin up to meet Dream's eyes.

In a strange way, it was almost intoxicating.

"Not going to say anything?" Dream prodded, voice dragging at the edges when it flowed past his lips in tendrils. "No?"

George's eyes fell to the ground between them. He still managed to shake unsteady on his skates even with the buffer of grass, and Dream found himself clicking his tongue behind blood-stained teeth. He reached forward to grab George's face with two hands, tugging his gaze back upward and into his.

Large hands practically swallowed George's face, palms spread over his cheeks. George blinked up at Dream with a lost look in his eyes, dark irises clouded with something distracted and unspoken. For some reason, Dream was smirking—a wide grin spread across those pierced lips as if he wasn't bleeding all over them.

"What's going on in that pretty little head of yours?"

He can feel where pale cheeks heat up beneath his palms. He can see where small hands clenched into fists down at his sides, eyes dragging everywhere across those red-stricken lips.

George can't be deathly honest. "There's a lot of blood on your face."

Dream grimaces at the reminder, tongue darting out to flick across his lips. Intermixed with the familiar catch of his piercing is the sick taste of blood, still just as red and coating as before.

"I know," he remarks, "I can taste it."

And he notices the way George's breath catches in his throat, eyes flicking away from the bloodied face in question for no more than a second. In that long, drawn-out moment, Dream swears he can feel a new kind of tension in the air between them, and it seems he'd forgotten the implication of his hands on George's flushed face.

"You can taste it?" George whispers as if he doesn't believe him, and Dream nods when he finds those brown eyes back on his face.

Before he can even blink, there are lips smashed against his. Slick with what Dream finds to be strawberry-flavored lip gloss, all-consuming by their very definition. It takes Dream a moment to process the fact that *George is kissing him*, and though something inside him screams to shove him away, he kisses back.

Kisses him like he didn't just break his nose. Kisses him like they aren't standing behind a dingy bathroom building at a skate park in the middle of the night, kisses him like there isn't blood caught between their lips and spilling all across George's tongue.

But he's licking at Dream's lips like he *wants* it, trying to stand on his toes in roller skates so he can flick his tongue across ebon piercings and suck Dream's bottom lip into his mouth. A strangled gasp falls into Dream's mouth, and he thinks he tastes more strawberry than blood; George could not say the same, but he wouldn't have wanted to anyway.

When Dream tries to reel back, George chases him before their lips can pull apart. Whines with hands digging into Dream's shoulders, knocks their chests together when he rolls forward in the grass and nearly sends Dream stumbling. He bites at George's lip in retaliation, earning a whimper just as he pulls back to observe the mess of blood-stained spit that covers his once glistening lips.

It looks almost sick. George with his pretty pink lips, something strawberry-scented and clear smeared across his skin. But what *really* catches Dream's eye is the messy trails of scarlet, the way it's streaked across his pale skin and those same messy lips in a way that makes him look like *Dream's*.

Even through all of George's strawberry, his tongue still burns with the carmine of his own blood. He doesn't even think before he's nudging his thumbs into George's mouth, splitting his messy lips open until he can see his pretty tongue, spitting a mess of his own blood and saliva into his mouth and watching it slick down his throat.

George's eyes flutter when he moans, and he closes his lips around Dream's thumbs to swallow. Dream has to stifle a sound of his own when those pretty eyes open again, staring up with a semblance of desperation through long, wisping lashes until Dream dares to open his mouth.

"You want this?" he asks, voice lower than he'd ever heard it himself.

Two thumbs pull free from George's lips, and he smears spit and blood down the corners of his mouth. George nods quickly, sputtering over a gasp when he tries to find his words.

"Yes," he leans up at the same time he drags Dream down, "so fucking bad, so bad, *please.*"

And their lips meet again. Blood seeps between their parted lips and George is anything but steady on his skates, falling against Dream's body at the same time his lips move. And Dream shifts his hands to hold him by the waist, spinning them at the same time all the strawberry becomes iron so George's back knocks against the concrete wall.

He trails his lips down the pale expanse of his neck, and he knows he drags his own blood down with every inch. Streaking his pretty pale skin even sicker in red, sinking ivory teeth into the pretty alabaster until it's all blooming violet. Dream leaves his marks on the edges of George's empty skin until it isn't empty anymore, savors the pretty whimpers and the hands in his hair like they're the only things keeping him alive.

Adrenaline still rushes through his veins. For a moment, he wonders how much blood he's lost. For a moment, he wonders if pushing his messed-up nose against the junction of George's neck and jaw is a good idea, but the high-strung noises falling against his ears only serve to err him on.

"Dream," George whimpers, and the blond in question wedges a knee between George's open legs, "*Dream.*"

Dream hums against George's skin in response, trailing metal-clad lips across the sickly staining skin with enough harshness to drag another sound past gloss-smeared lips. George's back arches up off the wall, pressing him closer to Dream's body where he has him caged in between his arms.

"If you want something," Dream says, dragging his lips across the front of George's neck with a grin, "use your words, doll."

He pushes his face against George's neck and finds that he smells just as much like strawberries as he tastes, though he's sure the smear of blood against his skin will start to undo that. But George is whimpering at just the thought of it, at the way he can feel the slick blood between their skin just as he can feel it drying in the corners of his lips.

Hands find their way to Dream's belt, tugging without forgiveness. Dream lets his hips be pulled for a moment, the knee he'd slotted between George's legs becoming more of a thigh when he practically falls on top of it. The way Dream sinks his teeth into George's skin is perhaps

unwilling, but he revels in the tooth marks left behind when he drags canines away.

“Your cock,” George whispers, nearly too quiet for Dream to hear him at all.

But he does hear him. And when he does, the sick grin on his bloody lips grows wider, half-smothered against George’s skin but there nonetheless. George tips his head back further when Dream pushes forward, dragging those stupid pierced lips up the underside of his chin until the metal is touching George’s lips.

“Yeah?” he huffs out in tease, the word all breath on George’s lips.

And there’s still blood practically all over him, nose crooked in a sickly hot way that reminds George of the way his knuckles stung. Dream looked *way* too good for someone who was injured.

“In my mouth,” he answers despite not being asked, and Dream practically swallows his lips with his own for just a moment.

He sucks the very last touch of strawberry off his once glossy lips, tasting his own blood stronger than ever but savoring how much George seems to like it. And if Dream looks hot with a broken nose, then George looks hotter with blood smeared across his face.

“Fuck, baby,” Dream sputtered once he dragged his lips away, wiping haphazardly at his spit-slicked mouth. “That’s what you want? To blow me?”

George nods feverishly, the hands caught in Dream’s shirt tugging harder. “Please.”

When Dream grabs George by the front of his shirt to switch their positions, he realizes he’d forgotten the boy was on roller skates. But the way he practically falls to his knees is intoxicating, collapsing against the grass with the flounce of his pretty skirt and looking up at Dream through his too-long eyelashes.

Ring-clad hands settle on the waistband of Dream’s jeans. George’s own pale fingers lift to wrap around Dream’s wrists, dragging well-manicured nails down the backs of his hands. George looks *so good* on his knees like this, even better when his lips are stained red and his eyes are already blown wide. Dream wants to wreck him, and he thinks he might already be halfway there.

“Take my cock out,” Dream orders, voice quiet beneath the passing breeze but still loud enough to send shivers down George’s spine.

And the ringed hands fall away, leaving George alone to scramble with the belt around Dream’s waist. He’s clumsy in every motion, hands shaking and lips shaking more when he presses them gently to the front of Dream’s jeans. But he pulls Dream’s cock free beneath the blond’s watchful eye, beneath the insatiable drip of blood down his pierced lips.

George lets his gaze linger on every part of Dream all at once. A pale hand wraps around the base of his cock, eyes flicking up to meet Dream’s where he still hasn’t stopped watching. And why would he, when George is pressing his blood-stroked lips against the head of his cock, swirling his tongue around to lap up every last drop of precum like he wanted it more than anything.

When Dream found that his breath was already shaking, he knew he was fucked. And the coy look in George’s eyes only served to exemplify that, the taunt in his eyes that didn’t even come close to matching the still-there grin on Dream’s face; but it was certainly there.

Dream lays a hand over George’s cheek again, skin still burning beneath the touch when he pulls him forward. The grip is strange and the angle is stranger, but those pretty, bloodstained lips still

drag down the length of Dream's cock all the same. And George's eyes screw shut when Dream knocks against the back of his throat, a soft sound rising in the back of his throat at the same time a hand grips harder at the base.

When his eyes pried open again, the sliver of his vision was beyond desperate. Lidded and hazy, only made worse by the trail of bloody lips on Dream's cock and the mess of brown hair still holding onto a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses.

Dream dug his fingers into the underside of George's jaw. And he tugged him down further again, grabbing at the other side of his face with the other hand to have more leverage. But when George took his waist with both hands, he let him pull upward for a gasping breath.

"Is this okay?" Dream asked, and he'd never admit the way he was praying for the answer to be yes.

Something about George's face right then was just *begging* to be fucked.

"*Please,*" George sputtered, and Dream wasn't sure if he could take that as an answer. "More than okay."

He *could* take that as an answer.

So Dream laughed—sick and low and beneath his breath—pulling George's face forward until his lips knocked against his cock again. Blood-stained and pretty, he spread them open immediately.

"Good boy," Dream praised, and he didn't miss the flutter of George's eyelids in response. "Now open your mouth."

Though his mouth was already open, George opened it further. Gazed up at Dream with that same teasing look in his eyes, nails digging into the skin above Dream's belt where he could just barely reach it.

And Dream was licking his lips with intent, tasting the blood on his tongue like it was the last thing he'd ever find and not daring to swallow anything shaded crimson. He stared down at George with a dangerous look in his eyes, viridian twisted in its sickest form with all the ~~worst~~ best implications.

"Stick your tongue out."

With as little hesitation as ever, George lolled his tongue out against his bottom lip. And he let Dream spit another sinful mix of blood and saliva onto his tongue, moaning through his open mouth at the way it slicked over his tongue and caught against his lips.

Dream smirked despite George's shut eyes not seeing it, tapping his chin until he closed his mouth in a silent urge to *swallow*. It was yet another thing George did without hesitation, yet another thing that dragged a noise out through his sealed lips until he was leaning forward and chasing Dream's cock.

And Dream let him have it with the same lack of hesitation. Let him have it with rough hands on his face, with thumbs pressing against the corners of his mouth to keep his lips spread as wide open as he could get them when they wrapped back around his cock.

"I'm fucking your face," he said it half in whisper as if it was a secret, but the way George keened was loud and unapologetic.

Somehow, it made the adrenaline already surging through him flare hotter, hot enough to make every inch of his skin burn red hot with *want* until he was thrusting his hips into George's mouth and dragging his head down to meet every upstroke.

Every choked-out noise that sounded from below him was enough to drive him crazy, enough to convince him to go faster until the hands on his waist had turned nails and he was practically prying his own hands off George's face.

The way he sputtered through his swelling lips was just as obscene as the rest of it. Gasping with the back of his hand pressed against his mouth, wiping excess saliva off himself and watching it fall against the grass.

In a sudden bolt of heat—it felt like lightning the way it made Dream flare—he remembered exactly where they were. With spit-diluted blood falling onto the ground below them, with grass stains on George's pretty socks and a hand sliding up his own skirt.

There were *people* around. And they were so *close to them*. Barely a building away, not far enough away to be deaf to every noise he knew he could pull out of George.

Maybe he wanted them to hear it. Maybe if they heard George scream, they'd know that he won.

“Put your fingers in your mouth,” Dream ordered, the lack of hesitation in George’s motions hellishly intoxicating.

It dragged that twisted grin all over Dream’s pierced lips, a hand lifting once again to wipe the excess blood off the bottom of his nose. And he watched the way George sucked down on two of his fingers just as he had to Dream’s cock, mouth still stained with blood and the faintest touch of red smearing across his own fingers.

“Get them nice and wet,” Dream huffed under his breath, wrapping a hand around his cock with lax ease. “I want you to finger yourself with your mouth on my cock.”

And George mewled around his own intrusion, the squeeze of his thighs together not going unnoticed by Dream. He grabbed George’s chin with his free hand, pulling him upward until those fingers fell from his mouth in all their spit-slicked glory.

He looked up at Dream expectantly, eyes wide and pleading. Dream had never stopped grinning, feeling the hot stroke of blood over his upper lip.

“Go on.”

George dropped his hand behind himself, lifting up higher on his knees when he whined at his own touch. And Dream pulled his head forward even still, lips knocking against the head of his cock at the same time he whined, a flutter of breath against the most sensitive parts of his skin.

Dream jutted his hips forward, lodging himself in George’s open mouth until he was gagging with eyes screwed shut. And the motion of his wrist from behind his body was scarcely visible to Dream where he was standing, one hand up that pretty skirt and doing god knows what to himself.

Dream thought it was the hottest thing in the world. Perhaps made hotter by the still-there knowledge of people being too close, an obscene hypothetical in the way someone could walk around the corner at any given moment and find them.

Find them like *this*. With George on his knees and a hand shoved inside himself, with Dream’s cock bulging in his throat and the stifled mewls caught behind his lips nothing short of sinful. With

Dream dragging George's lips over his cock, dictating every movement when George was distracted by the fingers stuck inside him.

It was hot. It was so *terribly* hot, and Dream wondered if he was going to erupt into a mess of orange flame. His face already felt like fire beneath all the bloodstains, beneath his dislodged nose and the breaths he was forced to take through his mouth.

"You look like a—" he stuttered, savoring the tightness of George's throat when he gagged, "—like a *slut*."

And George keened as if he'd praised him, legs spreading wider against the ground and pulling his entire body lower. Dream wondered if he could watch this forever, wondered if he'd draw back to this moment next time his own head got too much to manage and his hand was beneath himself under the cover of a night like this one.

Or maybe, he'd just take George's pretty mouth for his own again. George seemed apt to do it seeing how much enthusiasm he sucked Dream down with. And as if to emphasize a previous point on George's *sluttiness*, Dream spit another pink mix of spit and blood against the freckles on his cheeks, watching it slick across his skin in a way that was borderline pornographic.

It was a stain against his pretty pale skin. A terribly welcome stain, one that George took with a satiated whimper and the bounce of his knees. And Dream tugged George's lips away in a rush, two sets of lips dripping spit and one dripping blood. It was obscene in every right, the both of them caught behind a wall in a place both too seen and not seen enough.

Dream could feel his heart beat in his ears. He wondered if George could feel the same.

"Get up," Dream said suddenly, and the flicker of brown eyes up to his own was nearly invisible beneath the light of the moon. "I said *on your feet*."

And George got up as fast as he could. He pulled his fingers free of himself without enough warning to keep himself silent, stumbling upward with clumsy intent. He nearly fell over with the wheels on his feet, leaving Dream to catch him with arms on his shoulders. He laughed, low and unforgiving up against George's ear, savoring the pathetic whimper he got in response when he spun them back around.

George's back hit against the wall with a welcome harshness, two hands taking hold of his thighs with a claiming grip. Even the lightest pull from those hands rolled his wheels across the grass, sinking him lower when his knees buckled under nothing except the pierced lips against his ear.

"Up," Dream whispered, and George barely had it in him to process that he was supposed to jump.

But he did, letting Dream hoist him up and locking his ankles behind his back. And their eyes met for a quiet moment, nothing but tension and wind between them where they could faintly hear the yells of people still skating. Dream grinned at the barely-there reminder, at the way it turned George's cheeks pinker than the glasses still balancing on his head.

"You all stretched out, baby?" he questioned, trailing one of his hands down from George's waist to find where he was missing *anything* beneath that pretty skirt, and Dream wondered briefly when he'd even taken his underwear off.

Not that it mattered. *Nothing* mattered when he had his unslicked fingers circling George's rim, nothing lubed nearly enough by the leftover spit from George's once wet fingers. But Dream sank the tip of his finger into George's hole anyways, earning him a whimper in return alongside the

harsh press of their bodies together.

“Fuck me,” George whispered, voice scratched around the edges where Dream’s cock had fucked his throat raw. “Please, *please*, I need it so bad.”

And with the way he was practically *crying* in Dream’s ear, there was no turning him down. Not when he sounded that pretty, not when he was clenching down on the barely-there touch of Dream’s finger pressed against him, not when his thighs were shaking around Dream’s waist.

“Whatever you want,” Dream promised, pulling his fingers away to find the whimper on George’s lips, “*pretty boy*.”

The name was much less of an insult when they were pitted this close, when Dream was hoisting George’s legs up so his knees were over his clothed shoulders and his thighs were bracketed against his still-clothed chest. It left George practically folded in half, left him with two hands around his waist while Dream spit on his hand and rubbed the hasty lubricant all over himself before lining his cock up with George’s hole.

There was a moment between them—a moment of nothing more than thick, palpable tension, the heavy energy about the air only heightened by the distant yells from the heart of the skate park. And they watched each other’s eyes with rapt interest, watched each other’s blood stained lips until Dream was finally, *finally* sinking forward and pressing inside of George.

The whine was immediate. And Dream could feel the way his blunt nails were edging at George’s exposed skin, harsh and unforgiving when he practically dragged his hips down onto his cock.

“*Fuck*,” he cursed, and it would never not be hot when the blood was rushing down his lips again. “You’re so fucking *tight*.”

George only moaned in answer, and Dream wondered if it was in agreement. But he savored the way George gripped around him so tightly, the way he held Dream inside himself when he sank in completely and pressed his hips flush with George’s ass.

“Please...” George whispered, head knocking against the stone wall behind him, “please move.”

And once again, Dream would never be someone to deny George. But he started small despite himself, despite how desperate he was to fuck George against the wall and into oblivion, how desperate he was to make the poor boy scream loud enough for everyone to hear.

He pulled an inch or so out, snapping it back in with barely-there harshness. It was only enough to make George’s breath stutter, to make the hands wrapped around Dream’s upper arms squeeze down tighter and with greater intent. Dream took that as an invitation to go harder, to work up slowly to the roughness he chased with enough time to let George get used to it.

But only just barely. Dream wasn’t feeling *that* nice.

So it didn’t take long before he was fucking into him with vigor, emphasizing his thrusts with the sink of his teeth into the pale skin of his neck, with the flick of his tongue over bruising skin where he left marks. And it once again dragged blood and metal piercings over George’s once empty skin, leaving him nothing short of a mess when his hands took hold of Dream’s hair.

He wasn’t very forgiving with his grip, and Dream supposed he couldn’t complain. Not when he was fucking George hard and fast against a wall, not when he was *this* close to saying he *liked* the way his broken nose hurt when it bled.

And he reveled in every desperate noise that George cried out at the sky, drank them in like they were the only thing keeping him alive. He let his hands dip below George's waist, let them ride up his skirt so he was gripping onto bare skin with the same roughness he'd used on a now-bruising waist.

"You like this, huh?" Dream taunted as if he didn't, as if he wasn't the one getting off on the smear of blood over George's lips when he pressed their faces together to leave it there. "You like being fucked like a *toy*?"

George moaned because he *did*, because Dream was so stupidly right and he was wordless in his arms. He was even more silent when there were bloody lips on his, when there was the rough touch of piercings behind all the slick red, every last bit of it staining him nothing short of desperate.

It still tasted just as much like blood as the first kiss did, just as red and pathetically sinful as it had been the whole time. Perhaps the obscenity had swollen since then, perhaps the swell was influenced by the rough slap of skin-on-skin that met their ears with every thrust and the slew of noises mixing between their bloody lips.

George was far more of a mess than Dream was; Dream had managed to keep his grinning lips through their sloppy kiss, still composed enough to fuck George through every noise he made, including the ones caused by nothing but the rough stone wall against his back.

"Dream," George whined, the sound of his name half-lost between their messy lips. "Please, *please*, I'm so close."

And Dream bit down on his bottom lip like he was trying to taste George's blood, too. He fucked into George with a particularly harsh thrust, one that left him crying out at the moon above them with enough ferocity to be heard by anyone bothering to listen.

Dream not-so-secretly hoped that someone was listening.

"Go on, then," he taunted at George's ear, dragging teeth down his skin without relent. "Cum on my cock like the pretty slut you are."

With the harsh drag of Dream's cock inside of him and the breathy groans spilled out in red against his skin, George did just that. Came untouched and all over himself, stained the underside of his pretty skirt white with his own release.

And he fell even more boneless in Dream's arms, the hands in his hair falling loose when Dream fucked him straight through his orgasm. Let his pretty sounds grow louder in a steady crescendo in spite of their location, selfishly chasing the noises that fell past his lips until there was nothing left to hear.

Nothing because Dream was coming, too; coming with a rough groan of George's name into his ear and the bite of teeth into his neck. The touched parts of his purple-turning neck tasted of blood, too, and Dream was nearly chasing the flavor of himself when he painted George's insides sick and white.

He slowed down steady until he was leaning against the wall, George's body still hoisted up and pinned between them with pathetically failing breath. And they stayed like that for a moment, tangled up in each other in what had to be a terribly uncomfortable position, sharing nothing but breath and drying blood in the air between them.

When Dream lifted his head up from its place in George's neck, the mess that had become of the brunet was nothing short of ethereal. Stroked agent by the moonlight swallowing them, pretty sunglasses fallen over his eyes in those pink-tinted heart shapes. And Dream kissed a blissed-out look right off George's face, letting the last drip of blood from his nose be shared in the press of their faces against one another.

The way he set George down on his skates was gentle, holding him by the shoulders when he worried he may tumble. He was anything but stable on those precarious shoes, something Dream had said were for *little bitches*. Perhaps he was still right, perhaps nothing held the same meaning as it did before.

"You're a pretty, pretty mess," Dream whispered, licking the pad of his thumb to wipe some of the blood off George's face.

Despite how hot he looked with his lips all colored red, Dream was sure it wasn't the most favorable thing. Not when he could smell his own blood off his skin, mixing with all the rest of their beautiful disaster cast silver beneath the night sky.

And George looked up at Dream with none of his weight on his own two feet, with something forlorn and wondering stuck beneath his wide eyes.

"Pretty enough to do this again?"

Dream nearly laughed when he ran his tongue along the piercings in his lips. And George smiled weakly on quivering lips, the wait for Dream's proper answer everything but quick enough.

"Absolutely."

Their cleanup job was just as haphazard as the whole deal had been, and George was limping with a pair of roller skates in his hand when they came back around the building's corner. Dream could feel the eyes on them before he even focused his vision beneath the too-bright lights, skateboard caught beneath the arm that wasn't slung around George's waist.

And he *did* get his wish. That along with an inability to ever live down the fact that he was so desperate to fuck his self-proclaimed *worst enemy* that he couldn't even get them to a bed.

He never looked at that skate park the same, but fuck, did they keep going there.

End Notes

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